

And with that Pandare of his wordes stente;
But Troilus yet him no word answerde,
For why to telle nas not his entente
To never no man, for whom that he so ferde.
For it is seyde: Man maketh ofte a yerde
With which the maker is himself ybeten
In sondry maner, as thise wyse treten,

And namely, in his counseyl tellinge
That toucheth love that oughte be secrete;
for of himself it wolde ynough outspringe,
But if that it the bet governed be.
Eek somtyme it is craft to seme flee
fro thing which in effect men hunte faste;
At this gan Troilus in his herte caste.

But natheles, whan he had herd him crye
Awake! he gan to syke wonder sore,
And seyde: freend, though that I stille lye,
I am not deef; now pees, and cry no more;
for I have herd thy wordes and thy lore;
But suffre me my mischefe to biwayle,
for thy proverbes may me nought avayle.

Nor other cure canstow noon for me.
Eek I nil not be cured, I wol deye;
What knowe I of the quene Niobe?
Lat be thyn olde ensamples, I thee preye.
No quod tho Pandarus, therfore I seye,
Swich is delyt of foles to biwepe
hir wo, but seken bote they ne kepe.

Now knowe I that ther reson in thee fayleth.
But tel me, if I wiste what she were
for whom that thee at this misaunter ayleth,
Dordestow that I tolde hir in hir ere
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thyself for fere,
And hir bisoughte on thee to han som routhe?
Why, nay, quod he, by God and by my trouthe!

What? not as bisily, quod Pandarus,
As though myn owene lyf lay on this nede?
No, certes, brother, quod this Troilus.
And why? for that thou sholdest never
spede.

Mostow that wel? Ye, that is out of drede,
Quod Troilus, for al that ever ye conne,
She nil to noon swich wrecche as I be wonne.

Quod Pandarus: Allas! what may this be,
That thou despayred art thus causeles?
What? liveth not thy lady? benedicite!
How wostow so that thou art graceles?
Swich yvel is not alwey boteles.
Why, put not impossible thus thy cure,
Sin thing to come is ofte in aventure.

I graunte wel that thou endurest wo
As sharp as doth he, Ticius, in helle,
Whos stomak foules tyren evermo
That highte volturis, as bokes telle.
But I may not endure that thou dwelle
In so unskilful an opinioun
That of thy wo is no curacioun.

But ones niltow, for thy coward herte,
And for thyn ire and folish wilfulness,
for wantrust, tellen of thy sorwes smerte,
Ne to thyn owene help do bisinesse
As muche as speke a resoun more or lesse,
But lyst as he that list of nothing recche.
What womman coude love swich a wrecche?

What may she demen other of thy deeth,
If thou thus deye, and she not why it is,
But that for fere is yolden up thy breeth,
for Grekes han biseged us, ywis?
Lord, which a thank than shaltow han of this!
Thus wol she seyn, and al the toun at ones:
The wrecche is deed, the devel have his bones!

Thou mayst allone here wepe and crye and knele;
But, love a woman that she woot it nought,
And she wol quyte that thou shalt not fele;
Unknowe, unkist, and lost that is unsought.
What! many a man hath love ful dere ybought
Twenty winter that his lady wiste,
That never yet his lady mouth he histe.

What? shulde he therfor fallen in despayr,
Or be recreaunt for his owene tene,
Or sleen himself, al be his lady fayr?
Nay, nay, but ever in oon be fresh and grene
To serve and love his dere hertes quene,
And thenke it is a guerdoun hir to serve
A thousand fold more than he can deserve.

And of that word took hede Troilus,
And thoughte anon what folye he was inne,
And how that sooth him seyde Pandarus,
That for to sleen himself mighte he not winne,
But bothe doon unmanhod and a sinne,
And of his deeth his lady nought to wyte,
for of his wo, God woot, she knew ful lyte.

And with that thought he gan ful sore syke,
And seyde: Allas! what is me best to do?
To whom Pandarus answerde: If thee lyke,
The best is that thou telle me thy wo;
And have my trouthe, but thou it finde so,
I be thy bote, or that it be ful longe,
To peeces do me drawe, and sithen honge!

Ye, so thou seyst, quod Troilus tho, allas!
But, God wot, it is not the rather so;
ful hard were it to helpen in this cas,
for wel finde I that fortune is my fo,
Ne alle the men that ryden conne or go
May of hir cruel wheel the harm withstonde;
for, as hir list, she pleyeth with free and bonde.

Quod Pandarus: Than blamestow fortune
for thou art wrooth, ye, now at erst I see;
Mostow nat wel that fortune is commune
To every maner wight in som degree?
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo, pardee!
That, as hir joyes moten overgoon,
So mote hir sorwes passen everichoon.

for if hir wheel stinte anything to tome,
Than cesses she fortune anon to be:
Now, sith hir wheel by no wey may sojorne,
What wostow if hir mutabilitee
Right as thyselfen list, wol doon by thee,
Or that she be not fer fro thyn helpinge?
Paraunter, thou hast cause for to singe!

And therfor wostow what I thee beseche?
Lat be thy wo and turning to the grounde;
for whoso list have helping of his leche,
To him bihoveth first unwrye his wounde.
To Cerberus in helle ay be I bounde,
Were it for my suster, al thy sorwe,
By my wil, she sholde al be thyn tomorwe.

Loke up, I seye, and tel me what she is
Anoon, that I may goon aboute thy nede;
knowe ich hir ought? for my love, tel me this;
Than wolde I hopen rather for to spede.
Thou gan the veyne of Troilus to blede,
for he was hit, and wex al reed for shame;
A hal quod Pandare, here biginneth game!

And with that word he gan him for to shake,
And seyde: Cheef, thou shalt hir name telle.
But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake
As though men sholde han lad him into helle,
And seyde: Allas! of al my wo the welle,
Than is my swete fo called Crisseyde!
And wel nigh with the word for fere he deyde.

And whan that Pandare herde hir name nevene,
Lord, he was glad, and seyde: freend so dere,
Now fare aright, for Joves name in hevene,
Love hath biset thee wel, be of good chere;
for of good name and wysdom and manere
She hath ynough, and eek of gentillesse;
If she be fayr, thou wost thyself, I gesse.

Ne I never saw a more bountevous
Of hir estat, ne a gladder, ne of speche
A freendlier, ne a more gracious
for to do wel, ne lasse hadde nede to seche
What for to doon; and al this bet to eche,
In honour, to as fer as she may strecche,
A kinges herte semeth by hires a wrecche.

And forthy loke of good comfort thou be;
for certainly, the firste poynt is this
Of noble corage and wel ordeyne,
A man to have pees with himself, ywis;
So oughtest thou, for nought but good it is
To loven wel, and in a worthy place;
Thee oughte not to clepe it hap, but grace.

And also thenk, and therwith glade thee,
That sith thy lady vertuous is al,
So solweth it that ther is som pitee
Amonges alle thise othere in general;
And forthy see that thou, in special,
Requere nought that is ayein hir name;
for vertue streccheth not himself to shame.

But wel is me that ever I was born,
That thou biset art in so good a place;
for by my trouthe, in love I dorste have sworn,
Thee sholde never han tid thus fayr a grace;
And wostow why? for thou were wont to chace
At love in scorn, and for despyt him calle
Seynt Idiot, lord of thise foles alle!

How often hastow maad thy nice japes,
And seyde, that loves servants everichone
Of nyctee ben verray Goddes apes;
And some wolde monche hir mete alone,
Ligging abedde, and make hem for to grone;
And som, thou seydest, hadde a blaunche fevere,
And preydest God he sholde never kevere!

And some of hem toke on hem, for the colde,
More than ynough, so seydestow ful ofte;
And some han feyned ofte tyme, and tolde
How that they wake, whan they slepen softe;
And thus they wolde han brought himself alofte,
And natheles were under at the laste;
Thus seydestow, and japedest ful faste.

Yet seydestow, that, for the more part,
These lovers wolden speke in general,
And thoughten that it was a siker art,
for fayling, for to assaen overal.
Now may I jape of thee, if that I shal!
But natheles, though that I sholde deye,
That thou art noon of tho, that dorste I seye.

Now beet thy brest, and sey to god of love:
Thy grace, lord! for now I me repente
If I mis spak, for now myself I love.
Thus sey with al thyn herte in good entente.
Quod Troilus: A! lord! I me consente,
And pray to thee my japes thou foryive,
And I shal nevermore whyll I live.

Thow seyst wel, quod Pandare, & now I hope
That thou the goddes wraththe hast al apesed;
And sithen thou hast wepen many a drope,
And seyde swich thing wherwith thy god is plesed,
Now wolde never god but thou were esed;
And think wel, she of whom rist al thy wo
Hereafter may thy comfort been also.

for thilke ground, that bereth the wedes wikke,
Bereth eek thise holsom herbes, as ful ofte
Next the foule netle, rough and thikke,
The rose waxeth swote and smothe and softe;
And next the valey is the hil alofte;
And next the derke night the glade morwe;
And also joye is next the fyn of sorwe.

Now loke that atempre be thy brydel,
And, for the beste, ay suffre to the tyde,
Or elles al our labour is on ydel;
He hasteth wel that wysly can abyde;
Be diligent, and trewe, and ay wel hyde.
Be lusty, free, persevere in thy servyse,
And al is wel, if thou werke in this wyse.